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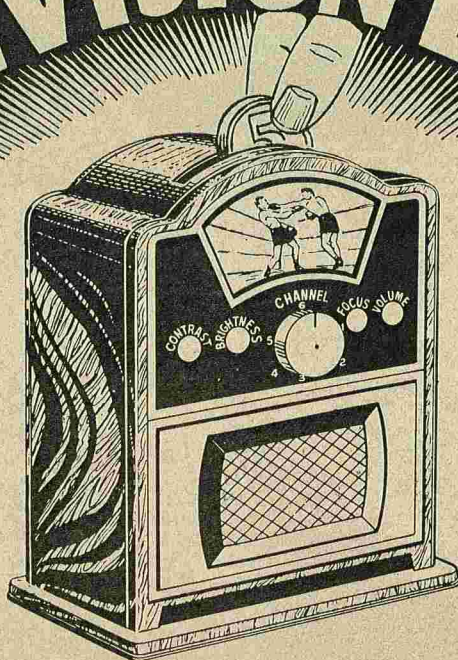
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THE PHANTOM SEEKER



STRANGE FORCES ARE RELEASED WHEN DEATH STRIKES IN THE NIGHT...STRANGER AND MORE TERRIBLE THAN THE CRUNCH OF CRUMPLED STEEL AND THE ROAR OF SPURTING STEAM! SOMEWHERE IN THE SHATTERED WRECKAGE IS A FIGURE THAT CANNOT DIE... A SHAPE THAT STALKS FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE AS **THE PHANTOM SEEKER!**

LATE ONE NIGHT...IN THE CLUB CAR OF A TRAIN HURLING ACROSS THE COUNTRY-SIDE...

THAT CHICK'S BEEN LOOKING AROUND FOR A WHOLE HOUR, AS IF SHE'S EXPECTING SOMEONE... AND IT'S THE ONE THING THAT'S KEPT ME FROM SPEAKING TO HER! ON THE OTHER HAND, SHE SEEMS RATHER NERVOUS... SO WHY NOT BREAK THE ICE?



MY NAME'S TED WARREN, HONEY! I DON'T WANT TO HORN IN... BUT I'VE BEEN WONDERING WHETHER YOU'RE ALONE!



I'M MADGE DONALD! SORRY I HAVEN'T BEEN MORE SOCIABLE, BUT I'VE HAD A TERRIBLE FEELING THAT YOU AND I **AREN'T ALONE... THAT THERE'S SOMETHING IN THIS CAR WE CAN'T SEE!**

I SUPPOSE I CAN'T BLAME YOU FOR FEELING JUMPY...WHEN THIS **GHOST HYSTERIA** SEEMS TO BE SWEEPING THE ENTIRE COUNTRY! BUT I'M AN OLD HAND AT THE SUPERNATURAL, MADGE... I MAKE MY LIVING WRITING ABOUT IT...AND THERE'S NO USE GETTING YOURSELF STEAMED UP ABOUT THINGS THAT **DON'T EXIST!**



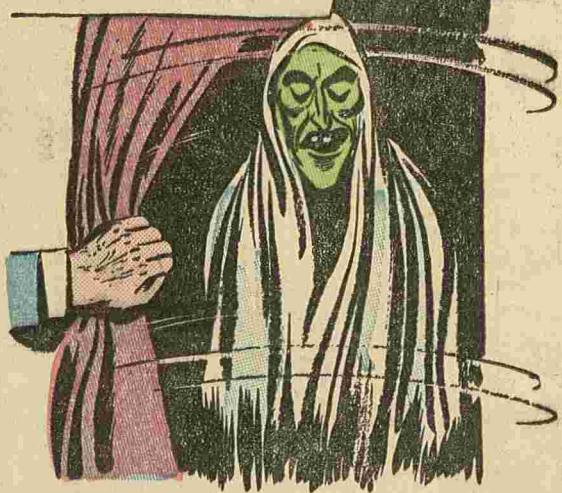
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BUT THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE CAN'T BE WRONG! THAT THING'S **EVIL**...IT CAUSES SOME KIND OF HORRIBLE ACCIDENT EVERY TIME IT'S SEEN!

O.K....BUT *IS* IT SEEN? YOU SAY YOU SENSE SOMETHING, HONEY... LET'S SEE WHETHER WE CAN **FIND** IT!

UP AHEAD, THE LOCOMOTIVE WAITS INTO THE NIGHT...AND IN THE NEXT THUDDING INSTANT...



GOOD LORD... WHAT IS IT?

DON'T YOU KNOW...HAVEN'T YOU READ THE DESCRIPTIONS IN THE PAPERS? **OTHER** PEOPLE HAVE SEEN IT IN PLANES...IN THE PATH OF CYCLONES... AND THEY'VE **DIED!**



SOMETHING AWFUL'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO THIS TRAIN! I'M GETTING OFF... **NOW!**

WAIT...DON'T JUMP!



AGAIN, THE MOURNING HOOT OF THE ENGINE DRIFTS INTO THE DARKNESS...AND THEN...

NO...NO...DON'T HOLD ME!



SEEING A GHOST IS BAD ENOUGH... BUT WE'RE LUCKY WE WEREN'T KILLED!

OH!



BLAM!

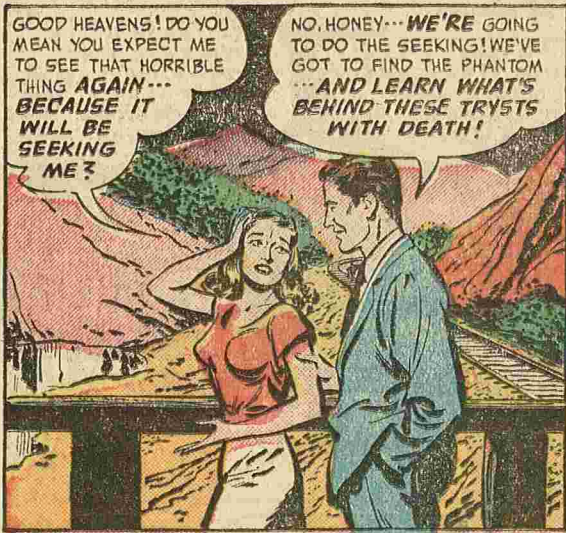


AS THE FIRST MUTED SREAMS RISE FROM THE TANGLED STEEL---

NOW YOU KNOW WHY THAT FIEND WAS ON THE TRAIN! IT MEANS DEATH---EVERYWHERE IT SHOWS ITSELF!



THERE'S NO DOUBT IN MY MIND THAT THE PHANTOM **IS** AROUND WHENEVER DEATH STRIKES ON A LARGE SCALE! MAYBE IT'S A CREATURE OF BOUNDLESS EVIL---MAYBE THERE'S **ANOTHER** REASON---BUT WHY BE TORMENTED BY DOUBT? SOME PEOPLE ARE **NATURALLY RECEPTIVE** TO SPIRITS, MADGE---AND YOU'RE ONE OF THEM!





IT'S HORRIBLE--
IT'S LIKE A CURSE
WAITING TO
STRIKE!



BABY, SWEETHEART
--DON'T LET YOUR-
SELF BE CARRIED
AWAY BY A MERE
RECOLLECTION!

BUT IT'S HERE!
I SEE IT--
BEHIND
YOU!



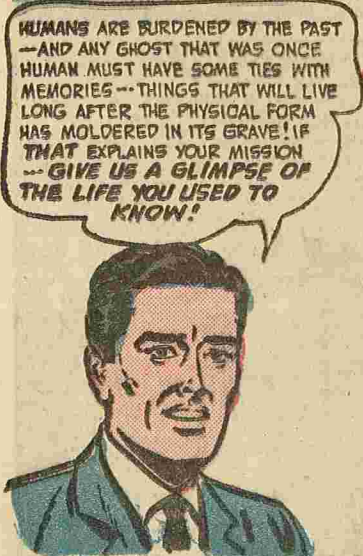
WITH THE CHILLING FEATURES LIKE A SPOON OF EVIL IN
THE DARKNESS--

IF IT CAME--YOU KNOW
WHAT TO EXPECT! LET'S
GET OUT OF HERE--
WHILE WE'RE
STILL ALIVE!

WAIT! MAYBE THIS TIME
IT ISN'T A SIGN OF
DOOM--MAYBE IT
KNOWS WE HAD A
REASON FOR BRING-
ING IT FORTH!



WE SUMMONED YOU BECAUSE WE
THINK THAT IN SOME WAY--WE CAN
HELP! IF YOU UNDERSTAND--
RAISE YOUR ARM!



HUMANS ARE BURDENED BY THE PAST
--AND ANY GHOST THAT WAS ONCE
HUMAN MUST HAVE SOME TIES WITH
MEMORIES--THINGS THAT WILL LIVE
LONG AFTER THE PHYSICAL FORM
HAS MOLODERED IN ITS GRAVE! IF
THAT EXPLAINS YOUR MISSION
--GIVE US A GLIMPSE OF
THE LIFE YOU USED TO
KNOW!



AS A WEIRD AMBER LIGHT BREAKS
AROUND THE PHANTOM--

IT'S CHANGING,
TED--AND HEAVEN
KNOWS INTO
WHAT!

KEEP YOUR HEAD!
WE MAY BE DUE
FOR A JOLTING
SURPRISE--BUT
AT LEAST IT'LL
BE MORE NEARLY
HUMAN!



IN THE SPACE OF
SECONDS--

NOTICE THAT COSTUME?
THAT'S THE WAY HE
USED TO BE--
OVER A
HUNDRED
YEARS
AGO!

OLIVIA--
MY
GOD, WHY DID
IT HAVE TO
HAPPEN--
WHY?

SLOWLY THE WALLS...THE VERY ROOM
...RECEDE AS THE PRESENT MERGES
WITH THE SPECTRAL PAST!

TED...WHAT'S
HAPPENING TO
US? **WHERE
ARE WE
GOING?**

I ASKED THE GHOST
FOR A GLIMPSE INTO
HIS LIFE! IT MAY HOLD
A NEW TOUCH OF
HORROR, HONEY...
**BUT THAT'S WHAT
WE'RE GETTING!**



AS THE NIGHT MIST LIFTS OVER A
LONELY ROAD...

SOMEHOW, THIS
SCENE SEEMS
VAGUELY FAMILIAR
...BUT WHERE'S
THE GHOST?

HE JUST PASSED
THROUGH THAT
GROVE OF CYPRESSES!
HE'S OPENING A
GATE, TED...
**THE GATE OF
A CEMETERY!**



A MOMENT LATER...

**OLIVIA!
OLIVIA!**

WE ASKED FOR
IT, MARGE! COME
ON... THERE'S
NO SENSE IN
BEING AFRAID
AT THIS
STAGE!



I NEVER THOUGHT ANYONE WOULD KNOW
HOW MUCH I LOVED YOU, OLIVIA... BUT
DEATH KNEW! **DEATH** KNEW...OR IT
WOULD NOT HAVE TAKEN YOU FROM
ME... **TWO DAYS BEFORE
OUR MARRIAGE!**



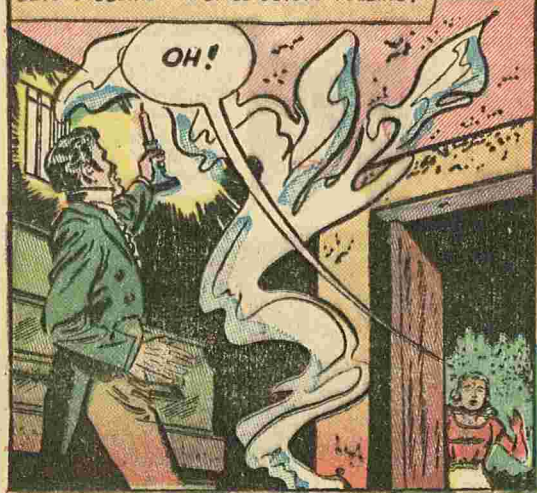
WITH THE SPECTRAL FACE LIT BY THE FLICKERING
ETERNITY OF A GHOSTLY CANDLE...

DEATH! YOU FOUL, YOU GRISLY DE-
STROYER...CAN YOU HEAR ME? **DEATH,**
THIS IS YOUR REALM...THIS IS YOUR
VICTIM... **SHOW YOURSELF!**

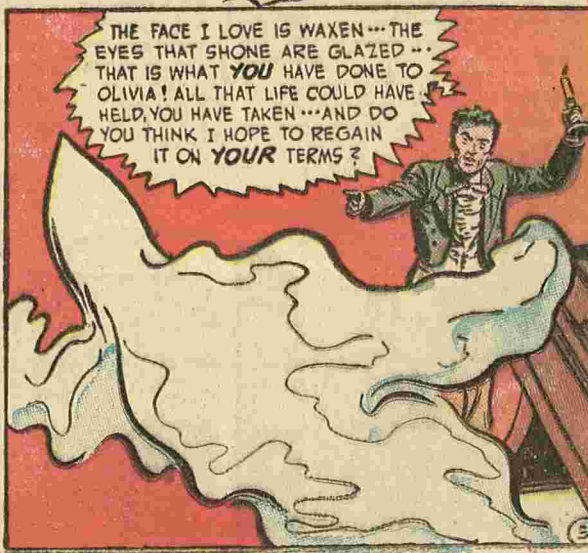


SOMETHING STIRS IN THE WEAVING SHADOWS...A MIST
BEYOND SEEING...A CHILL BEYOND FEELING!

OH!

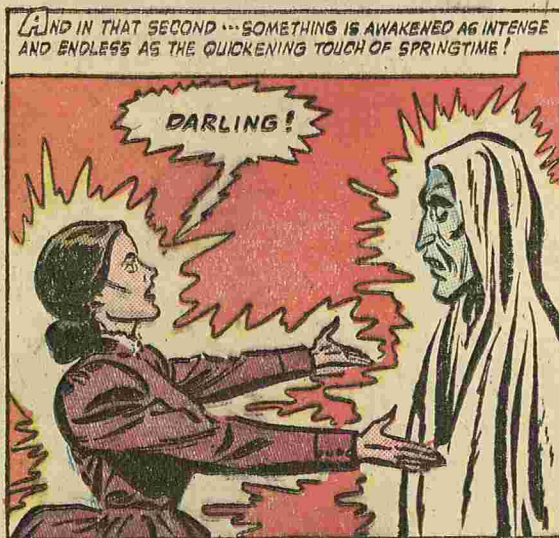


THE FACE I LOVE IS WAXEN...THE
EYES THAT SHONE ARE GLAZED...
THAT IS WHAT **YOU** HAVE DONE TO
OLIVIA! ALL THAT LIFE COULD HAVE
HELD, YOU HAVE TAKEN...AND DO
YOU THINK I HOPE TO REGAIN
IT ON **YOUR** TERMS?











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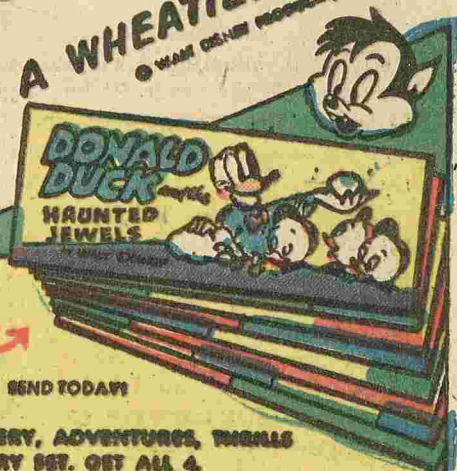
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EACH SET!

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PAGES IN EVERY
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The GHOST TRAIN

66

THIS IS IT," Betty said, "the old unused railroad spur that the ghost train runs on!"

Clyde looked around at the knee-high grasses in the narrow mountain draw, and said scornfully, "I don't see any rails or cross-ties around here...I suppose you're going to tell me that the tracks are ghost-tracks, too!"

"Oh, no, the tracks are real, all right," Betty said, kneeling down and parting the grasses with her hands. "But they haven't been used for so many years that the grass and weeds have grown high enough to hide them completely. There...see them now?"

Clyde bent down and examined the rusty rails and the ancient, decaying cross-ties at his feet. "Well, it's an old railroad spur, all right," he said finally, "but it's easy to see that no *real* train has passed over these tracks in years! And since there *couldn't* be any such thing as a ghost train, then that train you say passes here each Wednesday evening must be a mere figment of your imagination!"

Betty stood up, shaking her head angrily. "But I tell you, it is a ghost-train...the ghost of old Number 466, that was wrecked on a Wednesday evening some twenty years ago. After the wreck, the railroad decided that the sharp hair-pin curve just up the mountain was too dangerous for fast locomotives, so they abandoned this spur and built another one that cuts through the mountain twelve miles away. But old Number 466 still comes through here each Wednesday evening at 7:10...all the local people in this part of Montana know about it and take it for granted by this time."

"What nonsense!" Clyde said angrily. "I will not have my future bride believing in such ridiculous superstitions!"

Betty tried hard to repress a shudder at his words. She *despised* Clyde Wallingford, loathed the very thought of becoming his wife. But Clyde was a rich Easterner,

and the moment Betty had met him at a nearby dude ranch owned by a friend of her father's, she knew that Clyde was the answer to all her financial worries. Last year's disastrous snow-storms had almost wiped out her father's entire herd of sheep...and her father had even begun to talk wildly about committing suicide so that Betty would collect enough from his insurance to pay off the debts on the sheep-ranch that was their only source of income.

So, Betty had played up to wealthy Clyde...and had agreed to marry him if he would pay off the mortgage on the sheep-ranch. It was about the only way she knew of to prevent her father from committing suicide...and when Clyde had paid the mortgage off, she knew that she would have to go through with the bargain, no matter how much it ruined her life.

With an effort, Betty came out of her reverie now and forced herself to listen to her future husband's words. "And since today's Wednesday, and it's almost 7:10," Clyde was saying, "I'll prove to you that that ghost-train doesn't exist...by standing right on the tracks and waiting for it!"

"Oh, no, Clyde!" Betty gasped in dismay. "You'd better come up on the cliff with me and watch it from there!"

"You go on...I'm staying here!"

Betty took one look at the fatuous, condescending smile on his face...and began grimly climbing the cliff. Moments later, a faint, ghostly whistle sounded on the mountain air. Betty turned to see Clyde standing in a paralysis of fear on the tracks as the ghost-train roared toward him...and then she saw the ghost of old Number 466 crash into him and send his shattered body spinning thirty feet into the air...and over the side of the mountain cliff.

The HOLLAND HAUNT



FROM TIME IMMEMORIAL, PEOPLE HAVE THRILLED TO THE SUPERNATURAL--TO TALES OF STRANGE SPECTERS WHO HAVE HAUNTED COUNTLESS MID-NIGHTS! BUT HERE'S SOMETHING NEW--SOMETHING DIFFERENT! IT'S THE STORY OF ONE OF THE MOST ASTOUNDING SPIRITS EVER TO EMERGE FROM THE MYSTERIOUS UNKNOWN--THE HOLLAND HAUNT!

IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE HAND OF FATE, THAT LETTER WHICH FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH PETER VAN NOSTRAND IN LONDON--

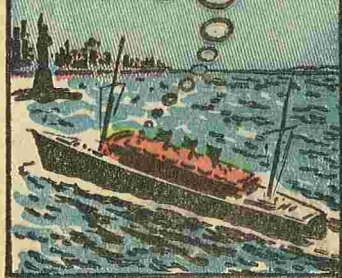
IT'S FROM MY UNCLE HENDRIK IN NEW YORK, BRIAN--AND IT'S BEEN CHASING ME ALL OVER THE MAP! AND GOOD GRIPS--IT'S POSTMARKED OVER SIX MONTHS AGO!

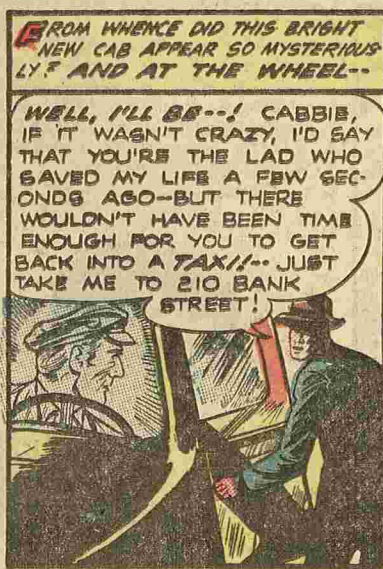
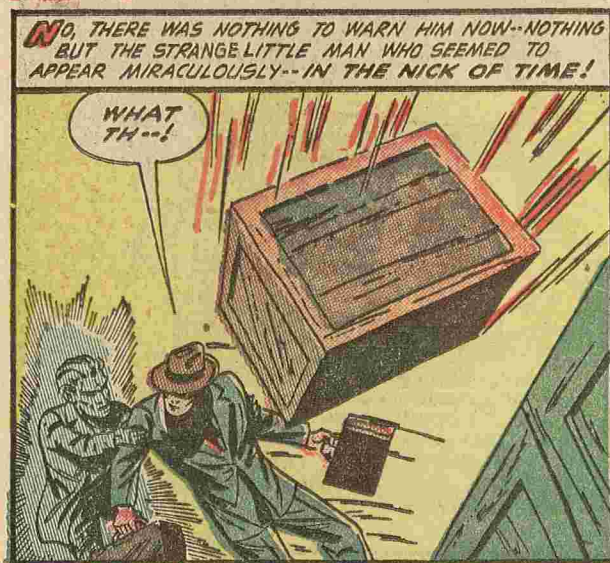
THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR NEVER STAYING PUT IN ONE PLACE, PETER!

HMMM...MAYBE I'LL START SETTLING DOWN NOW! MY UNCLE'S GETTING OLD AND WANTS ME TO COME HOME--SEEMS ANXIOUS TO GET ME ABOUT SOMETHING! I'LL WRITE HIM THAT I'M ON MY WAY!

BACK HOME--OVER THE MID OCEAN! PETER COULDN'T EXPLAIN THE STRANGE PREMONITION OF IMPENDING DISASTER WHICH HAUNTED HIM--

I CAN'T SHAKE OFF THE FEELING THAT SOMETHING TERRIBLE'S HAPPENED--AND THAT THERE'S MORE TO COME! I'LL BE A BELIEF TO SEE UNCLE HENDRIK AT THE PIER!





**NOTHING COULD HALT THAT MAD FLIGHT--
NOTHING!**

**STOP, I TELL YOU-- YOU'RE
HEADED IN THE WRONG DIREC-
TION! BANK STREET'S
BACK IN MANHATTAN!**



**BUT STILL THE STRANGE, HURTLING RACE CONTINUED
--ONLY TO PAUSE WHEN--**

**BUT--BUT WHY HAVE
YOU BROUGHT ME HERE--
TO A GRAVEYARD?**



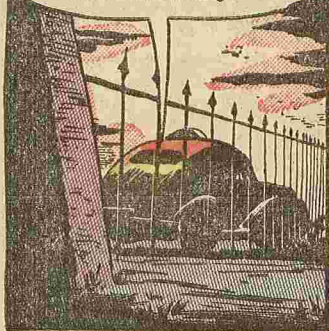
**NO ANSWER! NOTHING BUT THE PALLID BEAM OF
THE SPOTLIGHT--PICKING OUT A STARK TOMBSTONE!**

**MERCIFUL HEAVENS! UNCLE
HENDRIK--DEAD! BUT HOW--**



**THERE WAS NO TIME TO
RALLY FROM THE TRAGIC
BLOW! WITH A LURCH,
THE STRANGE TAXI SWUNG
INTO MOTION, HEADING
BACK--AT BLINDING SPEED!**

**WAIT! WHAT DO YOU
KNOW ABOUT MY UNCLE?
WHY DID YOU BRING
ME HERE?**



**DID THE STRANGE LITTLE CABBIE
HEAR? FOR HE GAVE NO ANSWER--
AND NEXT SECOND, AS IF BY SOME
EERIE MAGIC, THEY HAD REACHED
THEIR DESTINATION!**

**UNCLE HENDRIK'S
HOUSE! BUT A
SECOND AGO, WE WERE
BACK THERE--IN
THE CEMETERY!**



**THERE HE GOES--AND THE
TAXI'S FADING AWAY, DIS-
APPEARING! IT'S INCRED-
IBLE, BUT THERE'S ONLY
ONE EXPLANATION! THAT
WAS NO HUMAN--BUT A
STALKING GHOST FROM
OUT OF THE
UNKNOWN
ITSELF!**



AND FROM WITHIN THE OLD HOUSE--

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO--HE'S HERE! OH, IF YOU'D ONLY GOT TEN RID OF HIM BACK AT THE PIER, ARNOLD!

IT WAS TOUGH LUCK, BUT IT'LL BE EASIER HERE! --NOW LISTEN! WE'LL WELCOME HIM AND TELL HIM EVERYTHING ABOUT THE WILL--COME RIGHT OUT IN THE OPEN, SEE? BUT DON'T WORRY--HE WON'T HAVE ANY CHANCE TO ENJOY HIS INHERITANCE! HE'LL BE DEAD BEFORE THE NIGHT'S OVER!



YOU WISHED TO SEE--**GREAT SCOTT!** YOU'RE **PETER--PETER VAN NOSTRAND!**

THAT'S RIGHT! WHO ARE YOU?



I'M YOUR COUSIN ARNOLD--AND THAT'S ANNA, MY WIFE! THIS IS A SURPRISE--WE'D GIVEN YOU UP FOR **DEAD!**

PETER! I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE IT--NOBODY'S HEARD FROM YOU FOR YEARS!



BUT I WROTE UNCLE HENDRIK I WAS COMING! OF COURSE, I DIDN'T KNOW HE HAD DIED THEN--BUT MY LETTER MUST'VE ARRIVED!

I'M AFRAID IT **DIDN'T!** AND WE WOULD'VE KNOWN, SINCE WE WERE LOOKING AFTER THE OLD MAN WHEN THE END CAME! WE STAYED ON HERE, ASSUMING THIS WAS **OUR HOUSE** --UNTIL **NOW!**



I DON'T GET IT! WHOSE HOUSE IS IT, THEN?

OF COURSE--YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE WILL! UNCLE HENDRIK LEFT EVERYTHING TO **YOU**, PETER--THIS HOUSE AND WHATEVER'S IN IT!



HMM M... THAT IS NEWS!

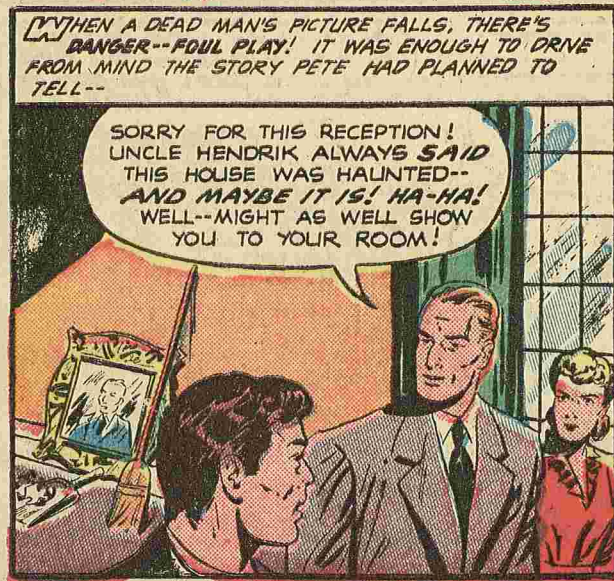
BUT YOU HADN'T BEEN HEARD FROM IN YEARS! THE LAWYERS SEARCHED EVERYWHERE FOR YOU, AND ASSUMED YOU WERE DEAD! MATTER OF FACT, IN TWO MORE MONTHS YOU'D HAVE BEEN JUDGED LEGALLY DEAD, AND THE PROPERTY WOULD'VE GONE TO THE NEXT IN LINE --**ME!**



SO YOU OWN A HOUSE NOW--**COUSIN!** WE'LL GO SEE THE LAWYERS IN THE MORNING AND ARRANGE FOR IT! AND, OF COURSE, ANNA AND I WILL MOVE OUT AS SOON AS YOU WISH!

SORT OF TOUGH FOR YOU --ME SHOWING UP, HUH? MAYBE I SHOULD'VE STAYED MISSING!





HMM... A PARTIALLY-BURNED ENVELOPE! AN ENGLISH STAMP AND POSTMARKED LONDON--
ON THE VERY DAY I WROTE TO UNCLE
NENDRIK! ARNOLD SAID MY LETTER HAD
NEVER ARRIVED--BUT THIS MAKES
ME WONDER!



LATER-- HE'S ASLEEP! NOT YET, ANNA--HE
IT WOULD BE EASY... BEEN THINKING! NOW
NOW--YOU COULD... DID PETER KNOW UNCLE
MUFFLE YOUR GUN... HENDRIK WAS DEAD--
WITH A PILLOW-- **UNLESS HE KNOWS**
MORE THAN HE'S
LETTING ON? PERHAPS
HE KNOWS **OTHER THINGS--**
LIKE WHERE THOSE OLD
DOCUMENTS
ARE
HIDDEN!



THAT'S RIDICULOUS--WE WOULDN'T
HAVE KNOWN ABOUT THEM
OURSELVES IF OLD HENDRIK
HADN'T BABBLER IN HIS DELIRIUM!
WE'VE GOT TO FINISH PETER
NOW, ARNOLD--BEFORE THE
LAWYERS FIND OUT HE'S IN
TOWN, AND EVERYTHING'S
LOST!

ALL RIGHT--
BUT LET'S
WAIT A COUPLE
OF HOURS FIRST!
IF PETER *DOES*
KNOW WHERE
THOSE PAPERS
ARE, HE MAY MAKE
AN ATTEMPT TO
GET THEM TONIGHT--
AND LEAD US TO
THEM!



MEANWHILE, WITHIN--HOVERING OVER
THE SLEEPING MAN--THE EERIE
GHOST SMILED INSCRUTABLY..



AND IN PETER'S SLEEP-ENVELOPED MIND, AN OLD SCENE
FORMED--

IT IS A
BARGAIN,
MYNHEER!
HERE IS
THE GOLD--
AND THE
LAND IS
MINE!

YOU NOW OWN A SECTION OF NEW
AMSTERDAM, PETER! MAYHAP SOME
DAY IT MAY PROVE EVEN MORE VALU-
ABLE THAN IN THIS YEAR 1650!



NOW TO PUT THESE DOCUMENTS
IN A SAFE PLACE--AND I KNOW
THE VERY SPOT! *THE SECRET
COMPARTMENT!*



THE WEIRD DREAM PROCEEDED--AND PETER SAW THE LITTLE MAN ENTER A HOUSE, APPROACH THE WALL NEAR AN ORNATE BUST! A TOUCH OF HIS FINGER--AND A CONCEALED DRAWER SLID OPEN!



GOOD GOSH! I GUESS IT WAS A DREAM--IT HAD TO BE--BUT IT WAS SO VIVID! I--I ALMOST FEEL AS IF I'M STILL BACK IN THE DAYS OF ANCIENT NEW AMSTERDAM!



NOPE--THAT'S 20TH CENTURY NEW YORK OUTSIDE--I DID DREAM IT! BUT I DON'T GET IT! HOW COME THAT LITTLE DUTCHMAN IN MY DREAM WAS THE IMAGE OF THE GLUY WHO SAVED MY LIFE ON THE PIER--AND THE TAX-DRIVER AS WELL?



ALL THREE--AND THEY MIGHT HAVE BEEN ONE MAN!--HEY! THAT BUST I DREAMED ABOUT, NEAR WHERE THE OLD DUTCHMAN HAD THOSE PAPERS--SEEMS TO ME I SAW SOMETHING LIKE THAT IN THE HALL DOWNSTAIRS!



I'M POWERLESS--BEFORE A STRANGE COMPULSION! I'VE GOT TO GO DOWNSTAIRS AND SEE WHETHER IT'S THE SAME BUST!

THERE HE GOES! I TOLD YOU HE KNOWS SOMETHING!

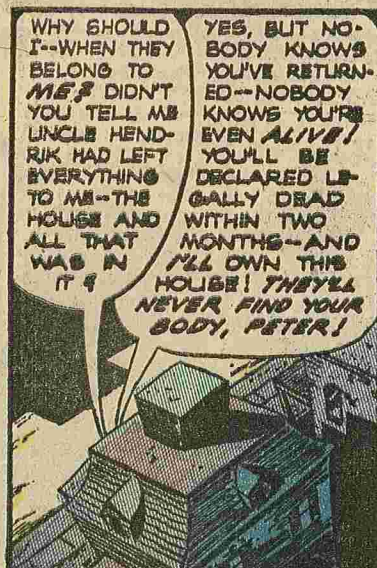
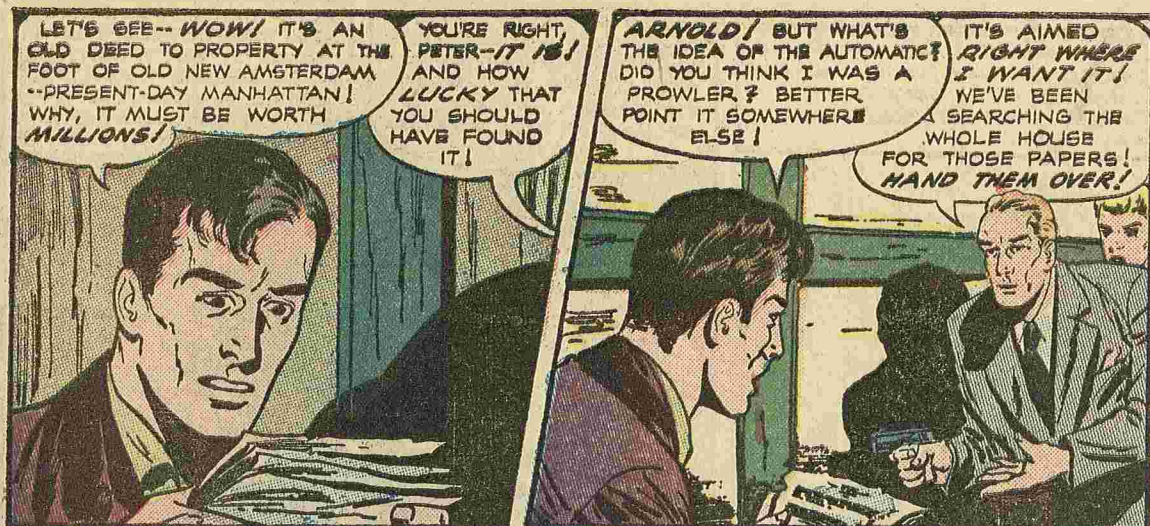


NO DOUBT ABOUT IT--IT'S THE SAME ONE AS IN MY DREAM! LET'S SEE--THE LITTLE DUTCHMAN PRESSED THE MOLDING ABOUT HERE--AND IF A SECRET DRAWER OPENS, I'LL KNOW I'M STILL IN SOME SORT OF NIGHTMARE!



HOLY SMOKE! THERE IS A HIDDEN DRAWER--WITH SOMETHING INSIDE IT!







PETER VAN NOSTRAND
NEW AMSTERDAM 1640
The End

EDITOR



IT'S MEETING-TIME again for America's most fascinating and most adventurous club...that vital and fast-growing organization known from coast to coast as The Loyal Fans of "Adventures Into The Unknown". So greetings, all you wonderful friends...you'll never know how great it is to renew our fine companionship! This is the time of month that we look forward to so eagerly, and we want to enjoy it to the utmost. And what better way than sitting down with you special people who share our special interests in that realm of dark and brooding mystery...the Unknown?

This month's issue marks a new and thrilling excursion into that strange, menacing world...an excursion on which you are passengers, sharing in all the spine-tingling, gasp-laden results of as eerie a voyage as ever mortal man undertook. It's a carefully-charted voyage, with a hand-picked crew composed of our ace writers, artists and research men. And your Editor, a devoted captain, has striven to pick a course among the eerie shoals and spectral reefs, and make it an action-jammed trip you'll long remember. Our destination? Let's call it the harbor of Gripping Excitement...and let's regard the stories in this

special, all-star issue as ports of call. There's "The Phantom Seeker", for instance...the weird tale of a specter who knew no rest. "The Holland Haunt" is the fascinating story of a new kind of ghost...one that should delight as it thrills. "Wizard of Evil" makes for pulse-quickening entertainment, and "The Werewolf Burial" brings the ancient saga of the stalking supernatural into breathless life. Then there's "The Haunted Ghost"...grip-pingly different...rounding out an issue you won't forget!

Thrills and enjoyment are guaranteed, as in every issue of "Adventures Into The Unknown"...a rule, incidentally, which we're carefully following in our great companion magazine of the supernatural, "Forbidden Worlds". If you haven't read it yet, run, do not walk, to the nearest newsstand...you'll find it worth your while! Meanwhile, however, let's get back to this publication. Once more, we're asking you to write to us, telling us what you think of the stories we've selected for you, and what you'd like to see in future issues. Address your letters to The Editor, *Adventures Into The Unknown*, 45 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Here's what some others think:

"Dear Editor:-

Only yesterday, I discovered your amazing magazine, and I must admit it was one of the most exciting I've ever read. From the very first page to the last, I was completely spellbound. I could feel every terrifying moment racing up and down my spine as I read 'Adventures Into The Unknown'. My one request is...why not run a contest to obtain the supernatural adventures of different people everywhere?

--Donnelle Bean, Duncan, Okla."

"Dear Editor:-

I'm writing this letter to compliment you on your wonderful stories in 'Adventures Into The Unknown'. In your June issue, my vote goes for 'Little People's Revenge' and 'Zombie Death'. I've never read another book like yours before, and make sure to rush down to the corner store every month to buy a copy. I love supernatural stories...and your book will always be my favorite. Lots of luck...and I know you'll keep up the good work!

--Alice Trzecki, Buffalo, N. Y."

"Dear Editor:-

I've read your magazine ever since it came out, and think it's wonderful. The cover on the July issue is really great. Let's have some more stories on Egypt...and I'd also like to see some dealing with our West. Incidentally, your new companion to 'Adventures Into The Unknown'...'Forbidden Worlds'...is magnificent!

--B. Blakely, Casper, Wyo."

Have you read "FORBIDDEN WORLDS"?

WIZARD of EVIL



YOU'VE READ STRANGE STORIES ABOUT DRAGONS...AND SCOFFED! BUT DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK THAT THERE MIGHT BE SOME BASIS TO THESE LEGENDS--THAT DRAGONS, WEIRD DENIZENS OF THE UNKNOWN, MIGHT ACTUALLY HAVE EXISTED...AND MIGHT REAPPEAR ON EARTH SOME DAY? RIDICULOUS, YOU SAY? WELL, WE GUARANTEE THAT THIS ASTONISHING, SPINE-CHILLING TALE WILL START YOU WONDERING--AND SHIVERING!

ON THE GLOOMY, MIST-SHROUDED MOORS NEAR THE TOWN OF CAMELFORD, ENGLAND--

THERE IT IS--LACHAN CASTLE! IT'S CERTAINLY ANCIENT AND FORBIDDING ENOUGH TO CONTAIN THE SECRET I'M SEEKING--BUT I HOPE THAT BARON LACHAN ISN'T THE FOR-BIDDING TYPE!

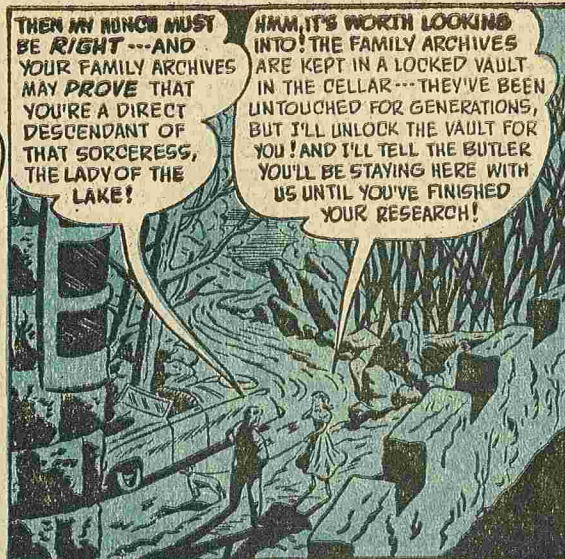
MY FATHER, THE BARON, IS DEAD--I'M THE LAST OF THE LACHANS! WHAT IS IT YOU WISH?

MY NAME IS GEORGE BAINESFORD, MISS LACHAN--AND I'D LIKE YOUR PERMISSION TO EXAMINE YOUR OLD FAMILY ARCHIVES AND RECORDS! YOU SEE, I'M AN AMERICAN WRITER, DOING RESEARCH FOR AN HISTORICAL BOOK ABOUT KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS--AND I HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE THAT LACHAN CASTLE HOLDS MANY SECRETS ABOUT THOSE OLDEN DAYS!



MY PREVIOUS RESEARCHES INDICATE THAT CAMELOTFORD IS THE LOCATION OF THE ANCIENT TOWN OF CAMELOT, WHERE KING ARTHUR HELD COURT! IN ADDITION, THE FAMOUS ENCHANTRESS KNOWN AS VIVIEN, THE LADY OF THE LAKE, IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE HAD HER CASTLE NEARBY---AND SINCE LACHAN IS OLD ENGLISH FOR LAKE, MY HUNCH IS THAT THIS IS VIVIEN'S ANCIENT CASTLE!

WHY, THAT'S ODD---MY NAME IS VIVIEN! A DAUGHTER IN EVERY GENERATION OF OUR FAMILY HAS BEEN GIVEN THAT NAME--- ACCORDING TO SOME ANCIENT CUSTOM!



THEN MY HUNCH MUST BE RIGHT---AND YOUR FAMILY ARCHIVES MAY PROVE THAT YOU'RE A DIRECT DESCENDANT OF THAT SORCERESS, THE LADY OF THE LAKE!

HMM, IT'S WORTH LOOKING INTO! THE FAMILY ARCHIVES ARE KEPT IN A LOCKED VAULT IN THE CELLAR---THEY'VE BEEN UNTOUCHED FOR GENERATIONS, BUT I'LL UNLOCK THE VAULT FOR YOU! AND I'LL TELL THE BUTLER YOU'LL BE STAYING HERE WITH US UNTIL YOU'VE FINISHED YOUR RESEARCH!



AFTER DAYS AND NIGHTS OF PORING OVER THE ANCIENT, MUSTY RECORDS---

I---I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO ADMIT DEFEAT! I'VE TRACED YOUR FAMILY BACK TO THE 6TH CENTURY--- BUT THERE ARE GAPS IN THE ARCHIVES CORRESPONDING TO KING ARTHUR'S ERA, AS IF THERE WERE A SECRET THAT SOMEONE IN PAST DAYS WANTED TO HIDE!

YOU'VE DONE YOUR BEST--- YOU SHOULDN'T FEEL SO GLOOMY ABOUT IT! PERHAPS YOU'LL FEEL BETTER IF YOU GET OUT OF THIS MUSTY VAULT AND TAKE A WALK WITH ME AROUND THE GROUNDS TO CLEAR YOUR HEAD!



HE'LL BE LEAVING NOW THAT HIS WORK PROVED FRUITLESS---AND I DON'T WANT HIM TO GO! I--- I GUESS I'VE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH HIM! OH, IF ONLY I DID HAVE THE BLOOD OF AN ENCHANTRESS IN ME, I'D MAKE HIM WANT TO KISS ME---

STRANGE--- I HAVE AN OVERPOWERING IMPULSE TO KISS HER!



VIVIEN--- DARLING!



TELL ME, IS IT AN AMERICAN HABIT FOR A MAN TO KISS A GIRL SO SOON AFTER MEETING HER?

ONLY IF HE'S FALLEN IN LOVE WITH HER, HONEY! AND THERE'S ANOTHER AMERICAN HABIT--- CARVING THE INITIALS OF SWEETHEARTS ON A TREE! THIS OLD GNARLED OAK WILL DO---



NO, GEORGE--- **DON'T!** THERE'S AN OLD FAMILY SUPERSTITION ABOUT THAT TREE---NO ONE IS SUPPOSED TO CUT IT DOWN OR EVEN LAY A BLADE TO IT!

THERE'S NO REASON WHY WE SHOULD BE AFRAID OF AN ANCIENT SUPERSTITION IN **THIS** MODERN DAY AND AGE! ---HMMM, THE BLADE DOESN'T SEEM TO PENETRATE THE WOOD---THINK I'LL DRIVE IT IN HARD RIGHT ALONG THIS CRACK!



SAY, THAT'S A **METALLIC** SOUND ---THE BLADE MUST HAVE STRUCK **ANOTHER** PIECE OF METAL EMBEDDED UNDER THE BARK OF THE TREE! I THINK I'LL PRY THE BARK OFF--- AND SEE WHAT'S THERE!

CLANK!



WHY, THERE'S A METAL PLATE BENEATH THE BARK---WITH ANCIENT WRITING ON IT!

YES---**CELTIC** WRITING---THE LANGUAGE OF THE ANCIENT DRUIDS! AS SOON AS I'VE UNCOVERED THE ENTIRE PLATE, I'LL START TRANSLATING IT!



THAT DID IT! LET'S SEE NOW ---MERDDIN---

IT'S CERTAINLY AN ODD LANGUAGE! I WONDER HOW IT SOUNDS WHEN IT'S READ ALOUD---**MERDDIN NAGAST AGENOR-IDRIS KINA-BALOR ALUKAH---**

MERDDIN
NAGAST
AGENOR-
IDRIS
KINA-
BALOR
ALUKAH



AS VIVIEN'S WORDS FADE AWAY---

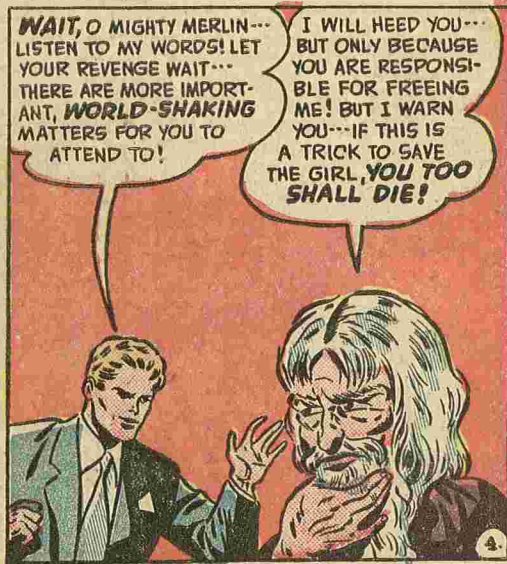
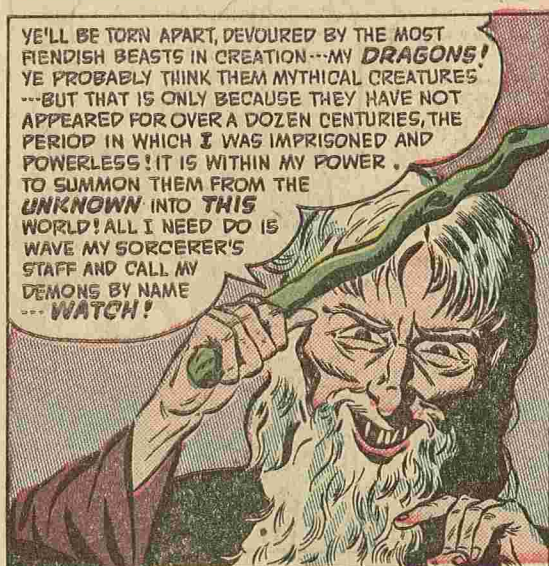
G---GEORGE
---L---LOOK!

HMM, **MERDDIN** IS THE ANCIENT, DRUIDICAL NAME FOR **MERLIN**---THE INFAMOUS WIZARD OF EVIL IN KING ARTHUR'S TIME!



GREAT SCOTT, IT'S **MERLIN** HIMSELF---BROUGHT BACK INTO LIFE!

CR-RAKK!



BE GONE, MOGH-BUOTH!... NOW TELL ME, **WHAT** WORLD-SHAKING MATTERS DID YOU SPEAK OF?

THE WORLD HAS CHANGED ENORMOUSLY SINCE YOU WERE IMPRISONED, O MIGHTY SORCERER! IN KING ARTHUR'S TIME, YOU WERE THE REAL POWER BEHIND THE THRONE, BECAUSE NONE COULD OVERCOME ARTHUR'S KNIGHTS AND YOUR BLACK MAGIC... BUT NOW THERE LIVES A MAGICIAN WITH EVEN **GREATER** POWERS THAN YOURS, MERLIN!



YOU SHOULD COMBAT THE RED MAGICIAN **NOW** WITH ALL THE FORCES AT YOUR COMMAND, MERLIN... BEFORE HE LEARNS THAT YOU HAVE BEEN RELEASED AND TAKES STEPS TO DESTROY YOU! THEN, AFTER **YOUR** MAGIC HAS CONQUERED **HIS**, YOU CAN TAKE YOUR VENGEANCE ON VIVIEN!

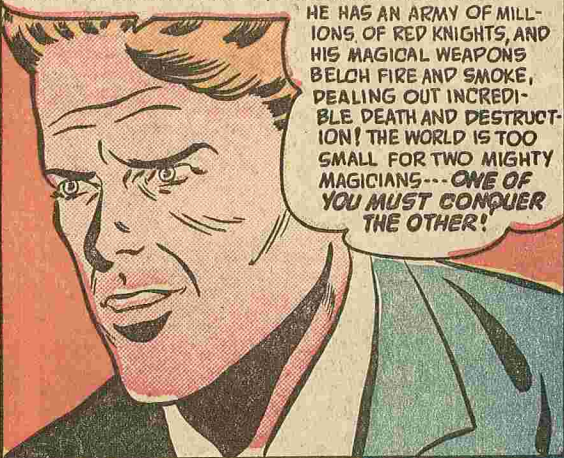
GEORGE, HOW COULD YOU...?

SILENCE, SORCERESS! HE HAS GIVEN ME EXCELLENT ADVICE... AND I WILL FOLLOW IT!



THIS MAGICIAN DWELLS IN THE LAND OF THE VOLGA AND THE URALS, SPREADING OVER ALMOST ALL OF EUROPE AND ASIA... AND HE IS PLOTTING TO TAKE OVER THE ENTIRE WORLD, INCLUDING ENGLAND!

HE HAS AN ARMY OF MILLIONS OF RED KNIGHTS, AND HIS MAGICAL WEAPONS BELCH FIRE AND SMOKE, DEALING OUT INCREDIBLE DEATH AND DESTRUCTION! THE WORLD IS TOO SMALL FOR TWO MIGHTY MAGICIANS... **ONE OF YOU MUST CONQUER THE OTHER!**



BEGONE, SORCERESS... REMAIN CHAINED IN THE DUNGEON OF YOUR CASTLE UNTIL I HAVE DISPOSED OF THE RED MAGICIAN!

OH-HHH!



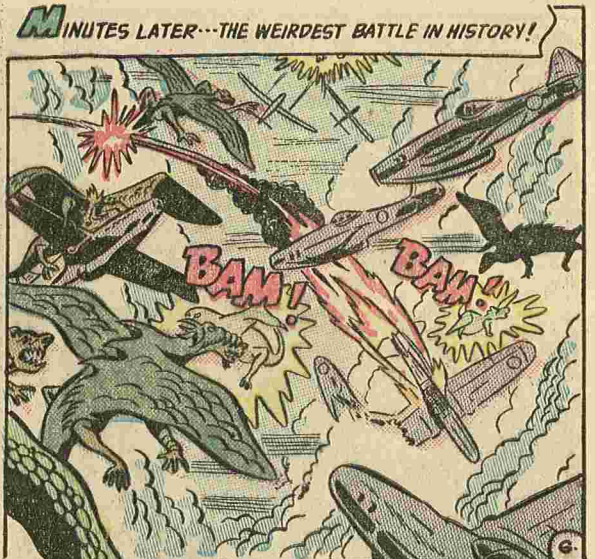
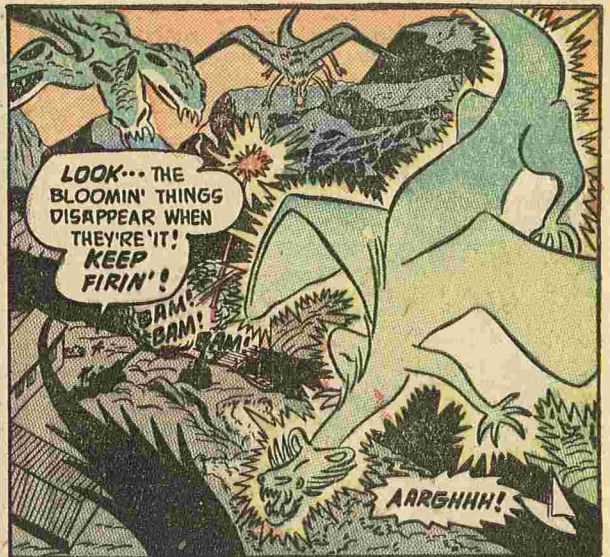
NOW I WILL ATTACK THE RED MAGICIAN WHO IS THE MIGHTIEST WIZARD OF EVIL! I WILL SEND ALL THE FORCES OF THE NETHERWORLD AND THE FORBIDDEN REALMS AGAINST HIM... WHOLE ARMIES OF DRAGONS AND HYDRA-HEADED MONSTERS WILL DESCEND UPON HIM AND HIS KNIGHTS! **RISE UP, MOGH-BUOTH**... **COME, GUR-DRAOBH**... **LOTH-AFSADDU**... **KHA-GURODH**...



GO... GO TO THE LAND OF THE URALS AND THE VOLGA... FALL UPON THE ARMY OF THE RED KNIGHTS AND ALL ITS LEADERS!



BUT A SCANT HALF-MILE AWAY, AT AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN EMPLACEMENT OUTSIDE OF CAMELFORD...



AT BRITISH SOUTHWEST DEFENSE HEADQUARTERS IN CORNWALL...

OUR PLANES REPORT THE BEASTS KEEP COMING UP FROM THIS AREA HERE... IN THE VICINITY OF **LACHAN CASTLE!** ORDER OUT A SQUADRON OF HEAVY LANCASTER BOMBERS---WE'LL **ATOM-BOMB** THE PLACE, IF NECESSARY!

VERY WELL, MR. PRIME MINISTER---WE'LL CLAMP TIGHT SECURITY REGULATIONS AROUND THE NEWS OF WHAT'S HAPPENING! THERE WON'T BE ANY PANIC, BECAUSE THE PRESS AND RADIO WON'T MENTION A WORD ABOUT THOSE BEASTS!

FRONST MARSHAL L.B.S.

MEANWHILE, IN THE DUNGEON AT LACHAN CASTLE---

GEORGE...YOU CAME TO SAVE ME...YOU DIDN'T MEAN WHAT YOU SAID TO MERLIN!

OF COURSE NOT, DARLING! BUT WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST...EVERYTHING DEPENDS ON YOU! SINCE YOU'RE A DIRECT DESCENDANT OF THE ORIGINAL VIVIAN, YOU MUST HAVE THE BLOOD OF AN ENCHANTRESS IN YOU...PERHAPS YOU CAN IMPRISON MERLIN IN THE TREE, THE WAY THE LADY OF THE LAKE DID CENTURIES AGO!

AS SOON AS I KAYO HIM, GRAB HIS SORCERER'S STAFF---YOU MIGHT NEED IT TO WORK THE SPELL! AND REMEMBER---RECITE THE SPELL **BACKWARDS**---BECAUSE THAT'S HOW THE ANCIENT LEGENDS SAY MERLIN WAS ORIGINALLY IMPRISONED BY THE LADY OF THE LAKE!

I---I AM EXHAUSTING THE SUPPLY OF DRAGONS IN THE NETHERWORLD---THEY ARE KILLED AS FAST AS I SEND THEM UP! I WILL HAVE TO SUMMON UP THE DREAD **BELIAL** HIMSELF---EVEN THOUGH HE MAY DESTROY THE **ENTIRE WORLD!**

BUT BEFORE MERLIN CAN UTTER THE NECESSARY SATANIC CHANT---



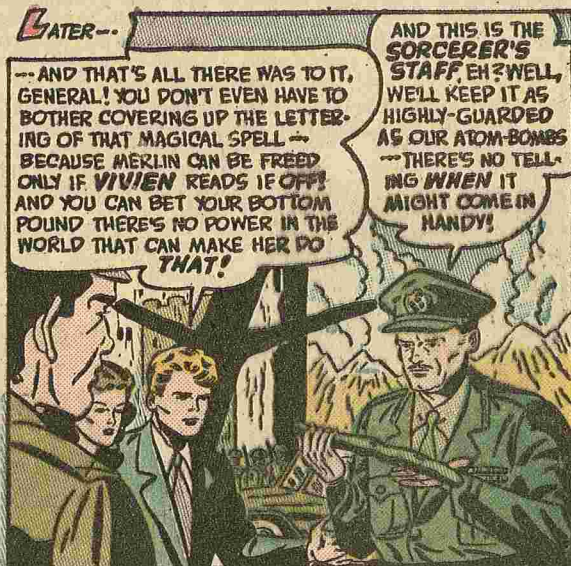
I'LL TIE HIM TO THE TREE BEFORE YOU RECITE THE SPELL! BUT I SEE BOMBERS WINGING THIS WAY---WE'LL HAVE TO HURRY BEFORE WE'RE BLOWN TO BITS!

I'LL HAVE TO MEMORIZE THE SPELL FIRST--BECAUSE MERLIN'S BODY WILL CONCEAL IT WHEN HE'S AGAINST THE TREE!

CALLING BOMBER COMMAND HEADQUARTERS--THE BEASTS HAVE STOPPED COMING UP--ARE WE STILL TO DROP OUR BOMB-LOADS ON LACHAN CASTLE?

NO---CIRCLE ABOVE THE CASTLE AND DROP YOUR BOMBS ONLY IF NEW MONSTERS SHOW UP! MEANWHILE, WE'LL SEND TROOPS OUT TO INVESTIGATE!





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THEMEIS OF THE LIVING DEAD

ARISE...AND WALK the earth!" The words echoed hollowly in the dead man's ears. He opened his eyes and looked around, but saw no one. "You cannot see me," the words sounded again, "for I am Mog-Ruoth, ancient spirit of the evil dead! All those who are buried in the site of this old Druidical burying-ground are in my power...and can be revived by me!"

The voice in the dead man's brain took on an added note of fiendish evil and hatred, and continued, "I have raised countless numbers of the evil dead in the last twenty years since mortals were foolish enough to build a cemetery on the exact site of my resting place...and I have commanded all of them to go forth and kill! But somehow, some other force must be destroying the living dead I have sent forth...because if they had fulfilled my orders, this cemetery would have been receiving vast numbers of dead! So I command YOU, the most recent corpse buried here, to go forth and KILL...no matter who or what tries to stop you!"

The corpse was powerless to disobey. It walked forth, out of the small country cemetery, and began striding toward the first house it sighted. Already its brain was cunningly planning how to deceive the inhabitants of that house on the hill...the dead man would pretend to be alive, would wait until the inhabitants' suspicions were lulled...and then it would strike!

In response to the dead man's knock, an elderly but spry and beaming man opened the door. "Brr, it's a cold night for a man to be out without an overcoat," the old man said, his breath forming a frosty mist in the wintry midnight air. "What can I do for you?"

"My car got stuck at the bottom of the

hill," the dead man said. "I wonder if I might come in and phone the nearest garage."

"We have no phone here," the old man said, "but come in, by all means. At least you can warm yourself by the fire."

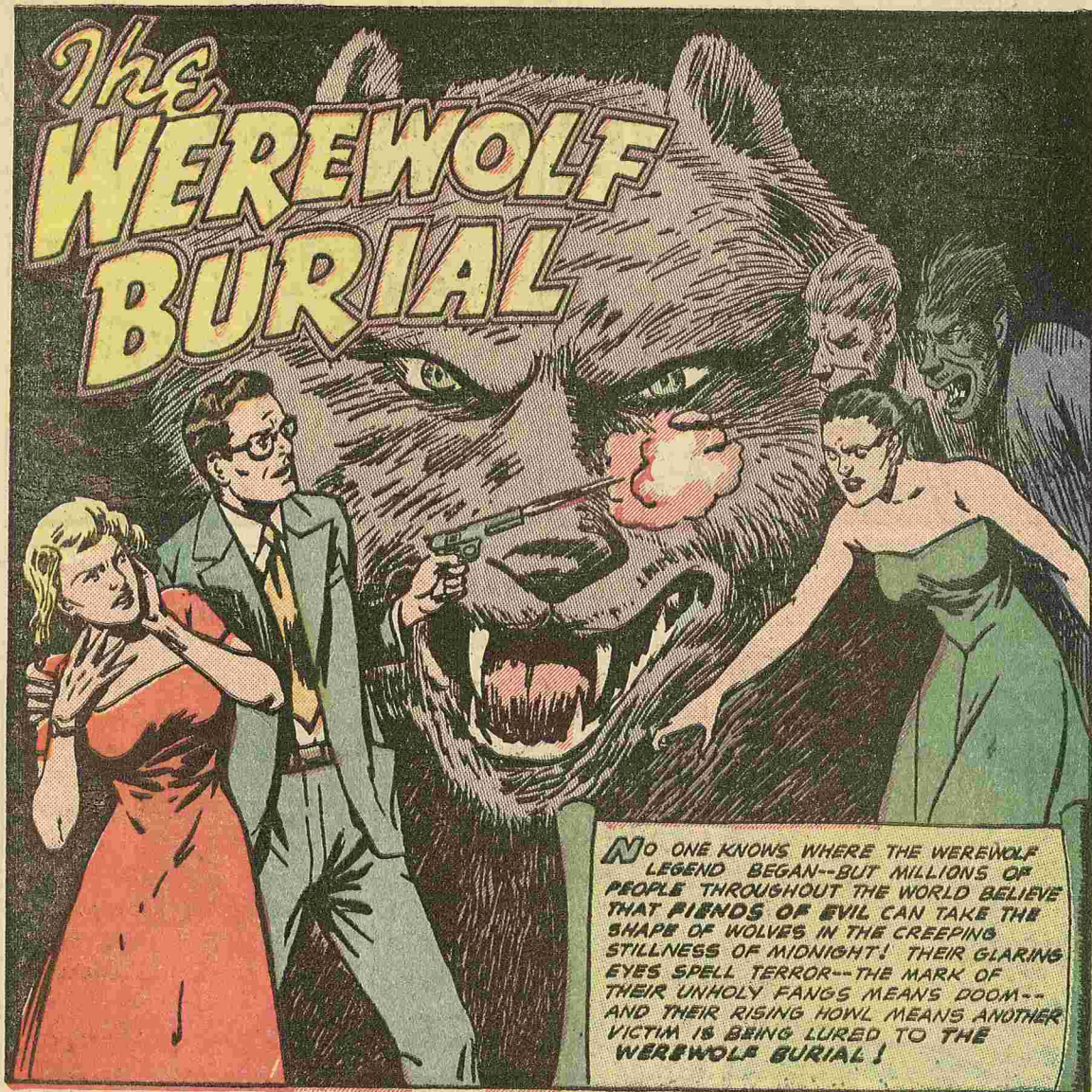
The corpse entered the house, walked toward the large, roaring fireplace and rubbed its bloodless hands as if basking in the warmth it didn't even feel. "Ah, this feels good," it said. "Quite a nice place you have here. Do you live alone?"

"No, I have a twenty-year-old son. He lives here with me so that I can teach him the business...and so that he can take over when I'm gone. He's asleep upstairs now."

The corpse turned its back toward the fire and grinned evilly at the old man standing near the opposite wall of the room. "You will be gone sooner than you expected," the dead man said, "and your son will never awaken from his sleep!"

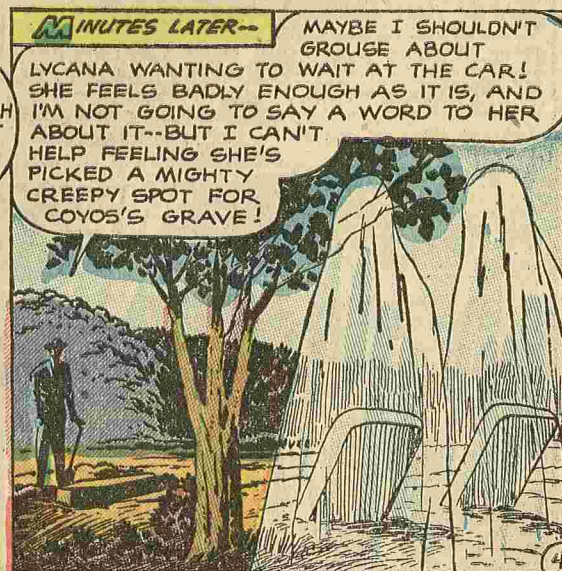
When the old man saw the stranger start toward him, he hastily pressed a button on the wall near him...and a section of the floor suddenly tilted up, sending the dead man sprawling into the fireplace. The corpse felt no pain, of course, but as an iron grating descended from the ceiling, imprisoning him within the blazing fire, he knew his end was near.

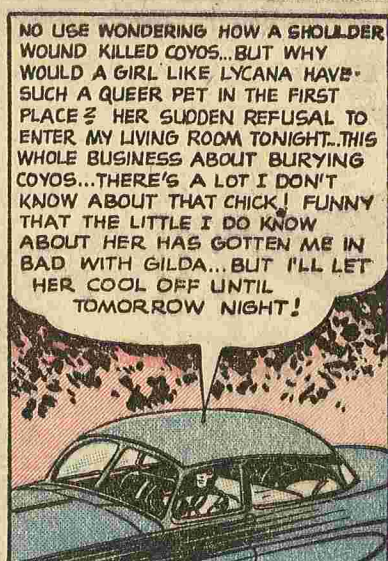
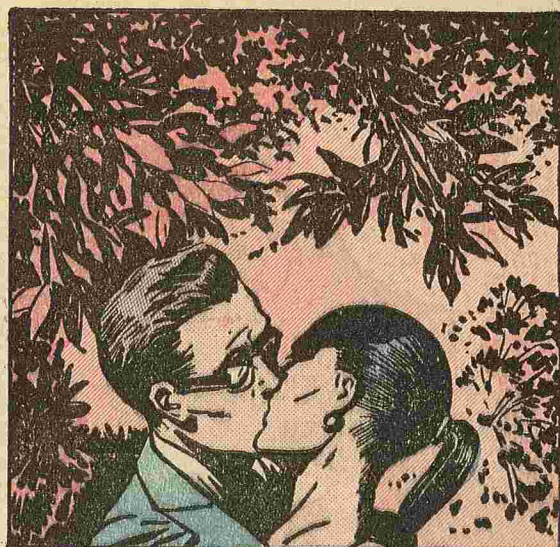
The old man watched the corpse being cremated, and said, "I'm used to visits from your kind by now! And I knew what kind you were when your breath didn't form any frosty mist outside. Perhaps I should have told you my business...I'm the cremator at the cemetery here!"

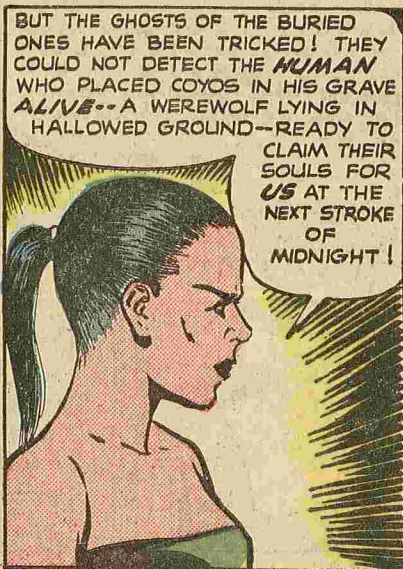
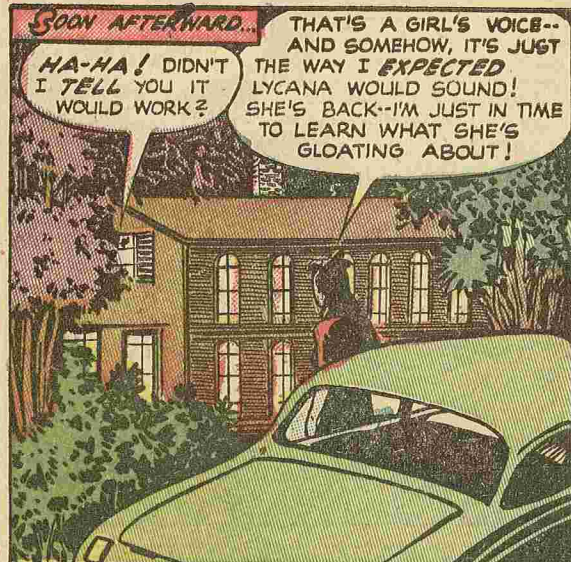


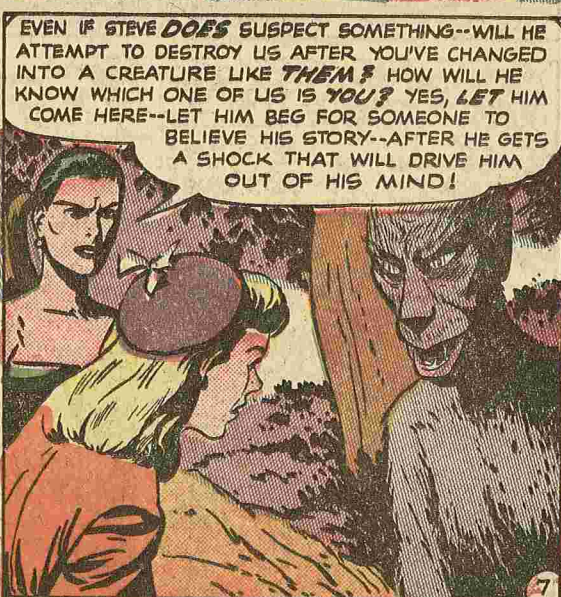
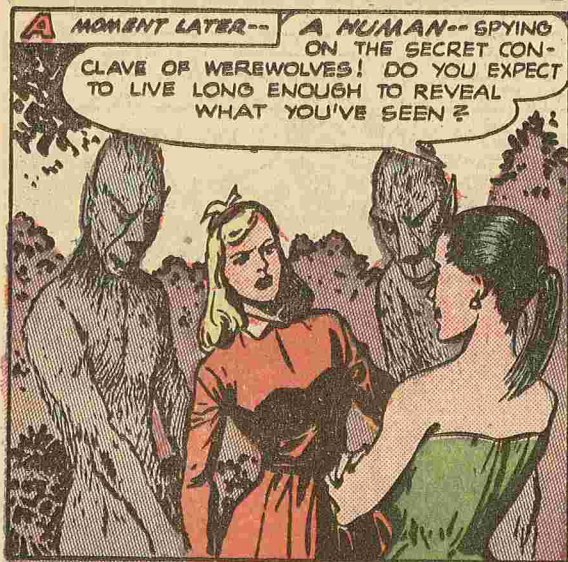
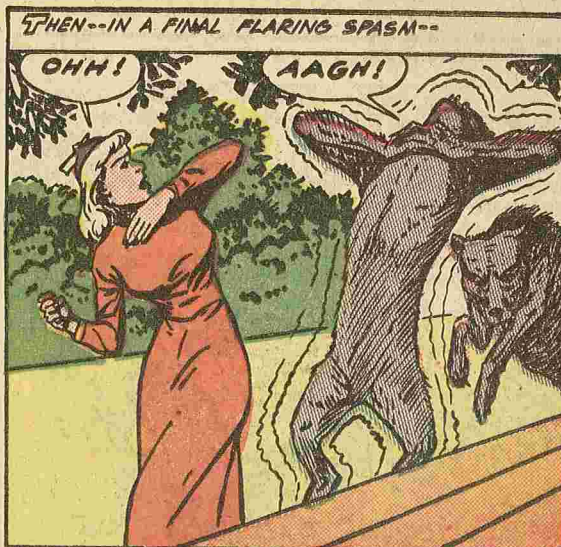












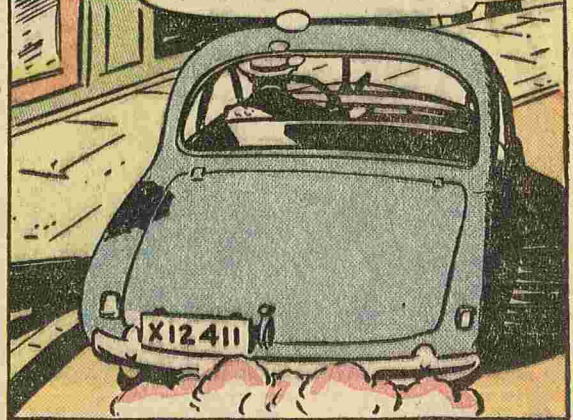
THE FOLLOWING EVENING--AS STEVE REACHES GILDA'S HOME--

I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU--EVER SINCE GILDA SCOOTED OFF LAST NIGHT IN A GREAT RUSH! WHAT'S GOING ON BETWEEN YOU TWO, STEVE--AND WHAT ABOUT THAT SLUG FROM A POLICE .38 THAT DROPPED FROM GILDA'S BAG?

POLICE .38! HOLY SMOKE, CASSIDY--THAT EXPLAINS A LOT!



SUDDENLY--IT'S ALL CLEAR AS A BELL! LYCANA'S WOLF HAD **RABIES**--AND THAT WOUND MEANS IT'D BEEN SHOT BY A COP AFTER GOING ON A RAMPAGE! **THAT** EXPLAINS WHY IT DIED--AND WHY LYCANA WANTED IT BURIED QUICKLY!



SINCE LAST NIGHT, I'VE HAD A HUNCH THAT LYCANA OWNS OTHER WOLVES--AND SHE'S BEEN AFRAID THAT AN INVESTIGATION MIGHT SHOW THAT SOME OF **THEM** PICKED UP **RABIES** FROM COYOS! I COULD BE WRONG, BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO PLAY SAFE--I'VE GOT TO DIG UP COYOS FOR AN EXAMINATION!



SOON AFTERWARD--IN THE GRIM STILLNESS OF STONY BROOK...

I'VE THE STRANGEST FEELING THAT THE WOLF'S BODY IS **MOVING** INSIDE THE BOX--BUT **THAT'S** PROBABLY JUST PART OF THE SPOOKINESS I FEEL ALL AROUND ME!



THEN--LIKE A CRACKLING BOLT OF LIVING TERROR...

YE GODS!



YOU HAVE BLUNDERED HERE BY CHANCE-- BUT NO HUMAN IS GOING TO THWART LYCANA'S PLAN... **AN HOUR BEFORE THE DEAD OF STONY BROOK** ANSWER MY MIDNIGHT SUMMONS!

LYCANA'S PLAN! GOOD LORD, NOW I UNDERSTAND WHY

MY DOGS BAYED WILDLY JUST BEFORE SHE REACHED MY OFFICE ---AND WHY SHE WOULDN'T ENTER THE LIVING-ROOM--WHEN THE THRESHOLD HAD BEEN TREATED WITH A CHEMICAL THAT REPELS ANIMALS!



YOU'LL UNDERSTAND **MORE** AFTER YOU DIE--AND JOIN GILDA ADAMS AS A WEREWOLF! I SAW IT ALL IN MY BURIED TRANCE--SAW HER TRY TO OUTWIT LYCANA--SAW HER **SEIZED**!





THE END

"TRUE" TALES of SORCERY ...The SAGA of the SORCERESS and the STAG...



ONE OF THE STRANGEST OF ALL "TRUE" TALES OF SORCERY THAT HAVE COME DOWN TO US THROUGH HISTORY IS THAT OF THE FOREST SORCERESS WHO IS SAID TO DWELL IN THE AUVERGNE WOODS IN HAUTE-LOIRE, FRANCE! IF YOU EVER VISIT THOSE WOODS, READER-- WATCH OUT FOR THE SORCERESS-- UNLESS YOU WANT TO BE TURNED INTO A STAG, THE WAY POOR HENRI ROCHETONNERE WAS!



OUR STORY OPENS IN THE LATTER PART OF THE 16TH CENTURY, DURING THE REIGN OF KING HENRY IV OF FRANCE! ONE DAY, WHEN THE COUNT DE LA ROCHETONNERE'S WIFE, HELOISE, WAS STANDING IN FRONT OF THE CHATEAU...



STRANGE-- IT... IT SEEMS AS IF A TREE HAS DETACHED ITSELF FROM THE WOODS AND IS WALKING TOWARD ME!

BUT AS THE "TREE" DREW NEARER...



WHAT ARE YOU-- WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I AM THE SORCERESS OF THE HAUTE-LOIRE! THESE WOODS ARE MINE-- AND BECAUSE YOU HAVE DARED TO BUILD A HOUSE HERE, YOU MUST DIE! BUT I SHALL GRANT YOU ONE WISH BEFORE YOU DIE-- I CAN GRANT ANYTHING BUT LIFE!



MY WISH? MY HUSBAND WANTS A BOY-- SO LET MY FIRST CHILD BE A BOY! AND NOW BEGONE WITH YOU-- RETURN TO YOUR FOREST!

YOUR WISH SHALL BE GRANTED-- AND IT SHALL BE YOUR DEATH!



THE SORCERESS' PREDICTION CAME TRUE, FOR THE COMTESSE DIED A FEW HOURS AFTER THE BIRTH OF HER SON, HENRI! HENRI WAS A STRANGELY WILD AND UNFETTERED YOUTH, WHOSE GREATEST JOY WAS TO CAVORT LIKE A WILD ANIMAL IN THE WOODS!



BY THIS TIME, THE COMTE DE LA ROCHETONNIERE HAD MARRIED STEPHANIE DE ST. CROIX-- WHO LOVED THE WILD HENRI AS IF HE WERE HER OWN SON...

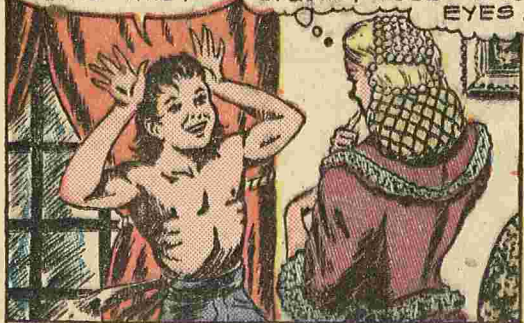
THEN, ONE DAY, AFTER HENRI CAME OF AGE...

PIERRE, YOU SHALL ACCOMPANY ME ON MY HUNT TO BRING DOWN THE STAG KNOWN AS OLD SATAN! I HAVE MET HIM MANY TIMES IN THE WOODS, AND HE HAS ALWAYS IGNORED ME WHEN I CHALLENGED HIM TO A RACE. HE THINKS I AM NOT HIS EQUAL-- BUT I WILL PROVE I AM MIGHTIER THAN HE IS WHEN I KILL HIM!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, MOTHER! WHEN I'M IN THE FOREST, I'M PART OF IT-- I'M A STAG, LIKE THIS!

HE DOES HAVE SOME OF THE CHARACTERISTICS OF A STAG-- THOSE LARGE LIQUID, VIOLET-BROWN EYES!

BUT OLD SATAN IS SAID TO BELONG TO THE FOREST SORCERESS!



BUT HENRI LAUGHED AWAY THE HUNTSMAN'S CAUTIONS-- AND THAT DAY...

LOOK OUT! THE FOREST SORCERESS COMES!

THERE'S OLD SATAN!

THE... THE SPEAR WENT RIGHT THROUGH HER--

STOP!



YES, BUT IT HIT MY STAG-- AND FOR THAT YOU SHALL PAY, HENRI ROCHETONNIERE! SINCE YOU WISHED TO RACE AND COMPETE WITH MY STAGS IN THE FOREST-- YOU SHALL NOW BECOME ONE!

AAGHHH!

MON DIEU!

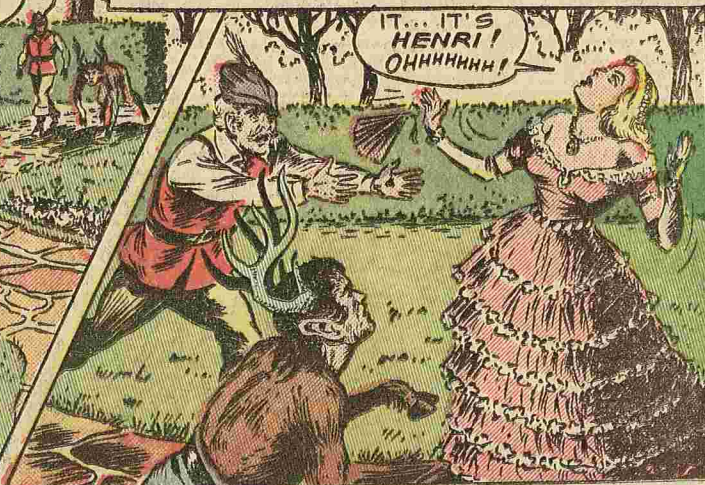


HOURS LATER, BACK AT THE CHATEAU...

ARE MY EYES DECEIVING ME?
WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME IS
THAT STRANGE CREATURE
AT PIERRE'S SIDE?



HENRI APPROACHED, TRIED TO RAISE HIS HEAD
UNDER THE GREAT WEIGHT OF THE ANTLERS--
AND LOOKED PITEOUSLY UP AT THE COMTESSE...



IT... IT'S
HENRI!
OHNNNNNN!

THE SHOCK PROVED TO BE TOO GREAT
FOR THE COMTESSE'S HEART--
AND ON HER DEATHBED...



HENRI-- OH,
MY POOR
HENRI!

DO NOT GRIEVE FOR
HIM-- FOR DEATH
SHALL SOON EASE
HIS BURDEN!

I WILL NOT GRANT ANY WISH OF YOURS,
COMTE HENRI, BEFORE YOU DIE! BUT TO
YOU, COMTESSE, I GRANT ONE WISH--

YOU... YOU DID THIS
TO HENRI! I... I
ONLY WISH THAT I
MAY SEE HIM AS
A MAN AGAIN
BEFORE I DIE!

ANY WISH BUT
THAT OF LIFE!



OHNNNNNN!

BY THE TIME THE SORCESS
TURNED AWAY, HENRI WAS
ENTIRELY HUMAN AGAIN--
BUT BOTH HE AND THE
COMTESSE WERE DEAD...



BUT TO THIS DAY-- IT IS SAID
THAT IN THE EVENINGS, THE
FIGURE OF AN ANTLERED,
HOOFED HUMAN CAN BE
SEEN HAUNTING THE
CHATEAU, RUNNING TO
AND FRO TO THE AC-
COMPANIMENT OF HALF-
HUMAN, HALF-
ANIMAL SOBS!



THE END



EVERYONE'S HEARD ABOUT HUMANS BEING HAUNTED BY GHOSTS---BUT HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF A GHOST BEING HAUNTED BY SOME OTHER DEMONICAL DENIZEN OF THE UNKNOWN, FORBIDDEN REALMS? WELL, HERE'S A SHUDDERY, SPINE-CHILLING TALE OF JUST SUCH A CASE---IN WHICH A HAUNTED GHOST GETS TWO INNOCENT HUMANS CAUGHT IN THE MONSTROUS TENTACLES OF A FIEND FROM THE FIFTH DIMENSION!





IT---
IT'S
HIM!

YOU---
YOU'RE
REAL!
WHO---
OR WHAT
---ARE
YOU?

JUST A GHOST
FROM THE
FOURTH DIMEN-
SION---AND ALL
I WANT IS TO
REMAIN IN YOUR
PRESENCE FOR
A WHILE!

1306



NANCY--- I HEARD
YOUR SCREAM FROM
MY APARTMENT!
WHAT'S
WRONG?



OH, PHIL--- THERE---
THERE'S A GHOST
IN MY ROOM!

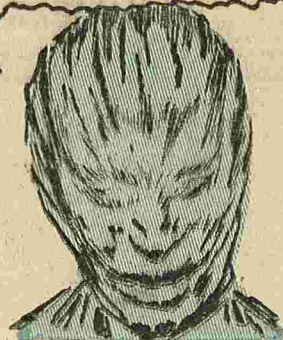
DON'T TAKE ME BACK
IN THERE---IT--- IT
WAS AWFUL!



BUT DARLING, THERE ARE NO SUCH
THINGS AS GHOSTS---YOU WERE
JUST HAVING A NIGHTMARE! YOU
CAN TAKE THE WORD OF YOUR
FIANCEE THAT THERE'S **NOTH-
ING** TO BE AFRAID OF
HERE!

YES, YOU
SHOULDN'T
BE AFRAID
OF ME!

YOU SEE, MOST SPIRITS ARE
CONTENT TO STAY IN THE SPIRIT
WORLD---BECAUSE IT'S A GOOD
AND BEAUTIFUL WORLD, WITHOUT
ANY PROBLEMS! THERE ARE ONLY
TWO TYPES OF GHOSTS WHO WANT
TO RETURN TO THE COMPARATIVE
UGLINESS OF EARTH---THOSE
WHO SEEK REVENGE FOR THEIR
DEATHS, AND THOSE WHO GET
LONELY FOR THE SIGHT OF MOR-
TAL BEAUTY! I AM ONE OF THE
FEW LONELY ONES---AND IF YOU
LET ME STAY HERE AND GAZE
UPON THE BEAUTY OF YOUR
FACE FOR A WHILE, NANCY, I
WILL TELL YOU AND YOUR
FIANCEE **HOW TO GET ALL
THE MONEY YOU WANT!**



MONEY?
NOW?

GHOSTS ARE TIMELESS,
AS WELL AS BODYLESS
---AND MY MIND CAN
TRAVEL EASILY THROUGH
TIME AND FIND OUT WHO
WILL WIN TOMORROW'S
HORSE RACES, OR WHICH
STOCKS WILL GO UP ON
THE EXCHANGE! YOU
CAN MAKE A **FORTUNE**
WITH THAT INFORMATION!



WE--WE DO NEED SOME MONEY TO GET MARRIED ON, PHIL--AND IF HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH, THIS MAY BE OUR CHANCE!

YES, IT ALL SOUNDS REASONABLE ENOUGH--SO I THINK WE'LL TAKE THAT CHANCE! WHEN THE STOCK MARKET OPENS AT 9 IN THE MORNING, WE'LL FIND OUT WHETHER THIS SPECTER CAN PRODUCE!



At 9 o'clock--

NOW LET ME PROJECT MY MIND INTO THE FUTURE--AMM, AT 9:15, INTERNATIONAL RUBIDIUM WILL ANNOUNCE A STOCK SPLITTING PLAN--AND THAT WILL MAKE ITS STOCK RISE 12 POINTS WITHIN AN HOUR!

12 POINTS--NOW I'LL CALL A STOCKBROKER FRIEND OF MINE AND HAVE HIM BUY A THOUSAND SHARES ON MARGIN FOR ME! BUT IT'LL TAKE EVERY CENT I'VE SAVED UP--SO YOUR TIP BETTER BE RIGHT!



AN HOUR LATER--

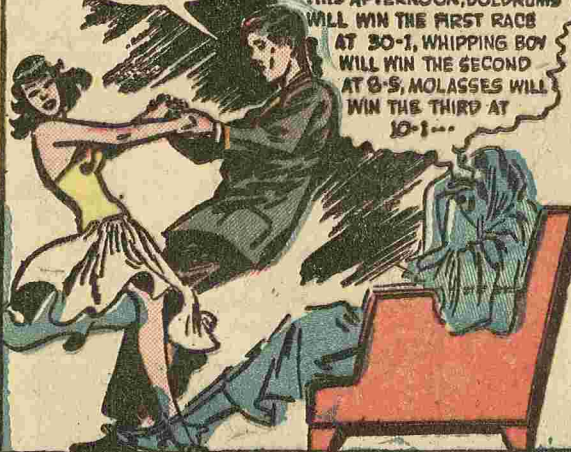
PHIL, YOU LUCKY DOG--INTERNATIONAL RUBIDIUM IS UP 12 POINTS--YOU JUST MADE \$12,000! WHAT KIND OF AN OUT-OF-THE-WORLD TIP DID YOU GET?

TELL HIM TO SELL--THE STOCK WON'T BE GOING UP ANY MORE!



TWELVE THOUSAND DOLLARS--YIPPEE!

WAIT, THAT WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING! LET ME CONCENTRATE ON THE FUTURE--AH, NOW I SEE IT! AT PALMETTO TRACK THIS AFTERNOON, DOLDRUMS WILL WIN THE FIRST RACE AT 30-1, WHIPPING BOY WILL WIN THE SECOND AT 8-5, MOLASSES WILL WIN THE THIRD AT 10-1--



HELLO, MIKE--PHIL CHAPMAN TALKING! LISTEN CAREFULLY, MIKE--YOU'RE THE ONLY FRIEND I CAN COMPLETELY TRUST! I WANT YOU TO GO UP TO THE NICHOLSON STOCK BROKERAGE COMPANY AND PICK UP \$12,000 CASH THEY OWE ME! THEN GO OUT TO PALMETTO TRACK AND BET ALL THE MONEY ON THE FOLLOWING HORSES--DOLDRUMS, WHIPPING BOY, MOLASSES--

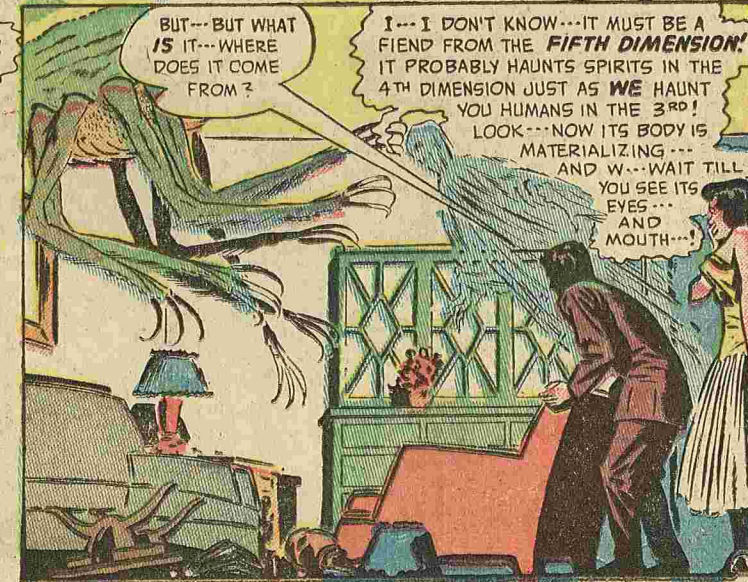
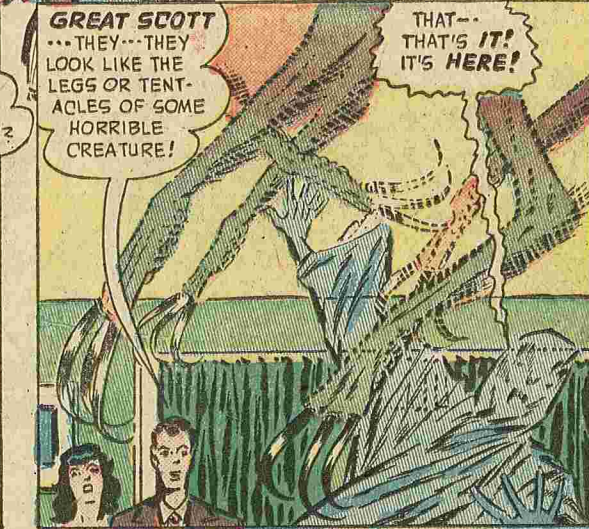
COME ON, DOLDRUMS--COME ON, DOL--

THE WINNAN--DOLDRUMS AT 30-1!

WE--WE'RE RICH! WE'VE GOT \$372,000!

WHEN--YOU'RE SURE TAKING A CHANCE ON THOSE LONG SHOTS, PHIL--BUT I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU SAY!









Draw me!



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● Please enter my attached drawing in your October drawing contest.
(PLEASE PRINT)

Name _____ Age _____

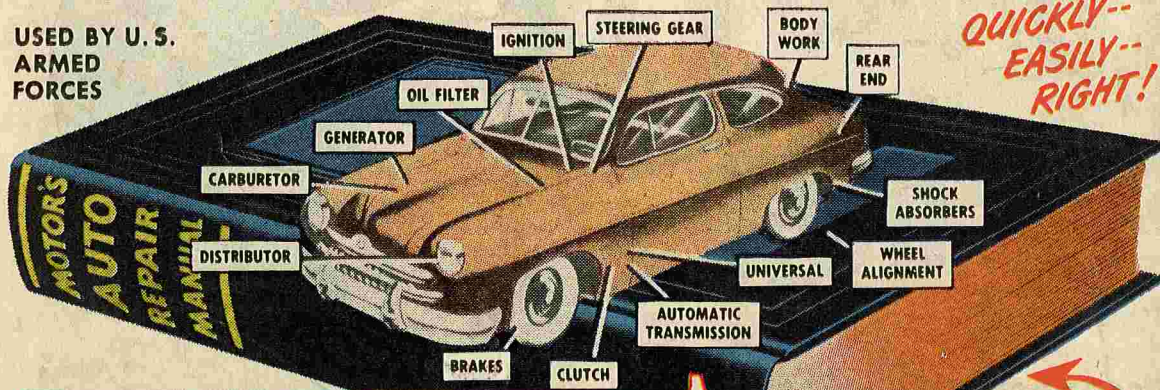
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